

# HOBART HAS A BRACE OF "FLY COPS."

They Are His Buckler and Bulwark in These Tariff Days.

HE FEARS A HOLD-UP.

Senators Not Considering the Tariff Bill in Thorough Style.

SKIP CERTAIN SECTIONS.

Potash Hotly Debated, and the Topic Leads On to Opium and Sugar.

MASON INTERESTED IN DRUGS.

By a Judicious Use of Threats He Makes Aldrich Increase the Rate. How Hawley Quarrelled About Aniline.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Washington, May 27.—At sharp 2, by Shrewsbury clock, Vest and Aldrich cast off the lines, and the debate of present tariff swung about on the turbid currents of the Senate, and after dropping down stream to page 12 of the bill, tied up for the night. On the surface the day's effort showed nine pages put astern. But the work was slovenly; much was skipped:



Pepper Box Chandler Rises to a Question.

many sections were omitted from consideration; it will all have to be gone over again.

The first two Senate hours, from midday until 2 o'clock, were given to appropriations. There is nothing about which the Senate is so handy and deft as appropriations, and those first two hours glided swiftly and pleasantly by. Then came tariff, principally in the guise of potash.

At the beginning the Senate was thrown into confusion by the coming of one of the small pages in a bicycle suit, whereof the most startling element was stockings of a violent sort of rattle-snake plaid. The old man snorted and shied at the sight of these vividly threatening socks. The sergeant-at-arms was called. The youth with the socks of poisonous plaid was remanded to his home, with orders to return with something less flighty in the way of harness for his blind fetlocks.

Still further chill was thrown into our

old gentlemen. Their nerves had crept back to normal when it was learned that the Reading Clerk whenever he arrived at "sulphur ricinoleic acid" in the bill solemnly pronounced it as "censor oil." At that, however, they got the wrinkles ironed out of the Reading Clerk's pronunciation and were under weigh.

Strangers Annoy Hobart.

Hobart, who presides, did not stay long. He arose and put on a sub in the guise of that son of the Granite Mountains, Gallingier. Hobart complains dearly that of late he has been much waylaid in the back lobby as he pushed his reverend way from the Senate Chamber to his haven of rest in the "Vice-President's room" by uncouth and meaningless strangers. These interlopers suspiciously bushwhacked Hobart, and had no apparent good reason for it. I do not know what Hobart fears; greatness is ever personally tremulous, and it may be he sees in each Senate caller a Nihilist. But whatever the Hobart apprehension, sure it is that our nervous Vice-President has caused the protecting presence of two detectives at the rear of the Senate to the end that his person be secure and the grand majesty of his progress from the Senate Chamber to his room be not marred by any attentions conversational or lethal from members of the common herd.

Two detectives is modest. Cleveland the Worst had twenty-six.

Potash was the bone of Senate tariff contention. Discussion sailed and soared, and soared and sailed, however, like unto the soaring and the sailing of a henhawk, and pounced on many things. Potash as a topic gave birth strangely to tin plate and sugar and opium, and drugs generally.

Speaking of drugs, it was found that Aldrich wanted to notch up the ten per cent ad valorem duty named in his bill. The splenetic Vest demanded to know wherefore. It was discovered that the round, not to say reckless, "Billy" Mason was the bug under the drug chip. "Billy" Mason had gone to Aldrich in the dead watches of the night.

Mason Wanted "More" on Drugs.

Mason declared himself as the Oliver Twist of drugs. The tariff named was not enough. "Billy" Mason must have more. Aldrich could not withstand the Mason advance. Moreover, Mason, with the true Chicago instinct, had recourse to the sand-bag. "Billy" Mason, if not granted his drug demands, would become recalcitrant; he would get between the legs of Republican tariff progress and trip it up; he would sow tares of tariff with the husbandmen of McKimlin's sleep. Aldrich, at these horrid threats of the full belted "Billy," crinkled and came down like Crockett's coon.

Speaking of Aldrich reminds me of an affair the whispered recital of which was blanching the aged Senate cheek to-day. Aldrich and Hawley have had a row. It was more than a mere imbroglio, and almost claimed the dignity of an emuete. Of course, it's all over. Hawley and Aldrich have wept, shook and made up. In the renewal of their powerful love they almost pounced to make wits in each other's favor. But the ghastly aftermath of the business still lives in the parlor of the frightened face; the Senate boom still heaves the panning horror of it. This is how it came about.

Hawley attended a dinner. As the repast proceeded Hawley began to think deeply of aniline dye. His wrath rose, too, as he reflected on the low, improper tariff which Aldrich and his finance crew were fastening upon aniline dye. Before dinner was

over Hawley began to see aniline dye in its true colors. He would defend this outraged pigment against Aldrich and his whole felonious band.

Hawley Seeks Out Aldrich.

Hawley strode stiffly to the pro tem tariff lair in the Arlington. He fell upon Aldrich and, verbally speaking, smote that statesman hip and thigh. Other tariff mongers thrust themselves between the disputants. The riot was made quiet; Hawley to-day does not care so fervently for aniline dye; he has adjusted affairs with Aldrich, and now nature and McKimlinism will take their course with aniline, and Hawley will not interfere.

It would seem as if Aldrich was pursued by this sort of insurrectionary ill-luck—somebody is forever coming over the seas of the unexpected and assailing him. It brings again to my mind how once Plumb, now dead and gone, suffering from an optical delusion, counted, as he supposed, six cards in Aldrich's hand, and at once descended upon him like an Assyrian. Vest was in the game. This was long, long ago, and Aldrich has never held a hand or rifled a deck since.

To-day's debate was neither valuable nor deep. It taught no lesson, betrayed no research. It began on potash and shifted with the fancy or fury of the talker to opium, to tin plate, to sugar. Gray took part. So, also, did Caffery and White and Hawkins and Chilton. Vest and Jones, for the Democrats, and Aldrich and Gear, for the Republicans, were in command, and, of course, talked much and said some things.

Bridgeman Platt in the Debate.

Platt, of Connecticut, came briefly in and out of the breakers of debate just to see how it felt. Platt is a sagacious statesman, and his hair and his ears are gray. Nonetheless, Cupid recently got Platt's range, sent a shaft where it would do the most good, and Platt tripped blithely to the altar. Yes, indeed; Platt got married. This was a trio of weeks gone by, and since then Platt has been full of cheerfulness and an effervescent felicity. The birds have sung in Platt's heart; one could hear them. Summer has shot hotly in Platt's eye; one could see it. Altogether, while Platt has been of late a very happy man, it all induced such giddiness of method that



Morgan Thinks of Cuba.

It was not thought that Platt was a safe Senator to leave alone with tariff. In some sheer flow of glee it was apprehended that Platt might do some boyish prank to tariff that might put a crimp in it. Platt exploded this view to-day, and showed in a few masterly words that people who assumed to regard him as grown too gay to take a sober view of a serious thing like tariff were barking at a knot. Platt dealt with the intricacies of potash as skillfully as if he'd never heard of a wedding march or bought a plain gold ring. Thereby another fool theory is exploded,

and Platt is in full Republican tariff feather again.

The Other Senator Platt.

Speaking of this Yankee Platt recalls one to our own uneasy boss, Platt of Manhattan. Our Platt isn't doing a thing. And up at the White House our Platt isn't getting a thing. So far as present business in the Senate is minded by him or pressed for him our Platt might as well be far, far away.

Which last reminds me that divers and sundry of our Senate scoundrels are far, far away. There's the melancholy Teller, who, holding at St. Louis, now fears a future and regrets a past. With his hands put to the plow, Teller looks constantly



SPOONER'S HAIR HAS BEEN CUT.

back. Teller will strike a furrow of politics as crooked as a rain's horn if he doesn't mend his methods. But let that go. Teller is away in Colorado, earning money in his law business. We heard of him to-day through Berry, of Arkansas. Berry arose to remind that he was paired with Teller, and had been getting a letter from him, and that Teller would be here for a final vote, which at least would seem to mean that our sombre chief of Republican free silver will not be here in time for anything sooner.

Then we grope about in the gloom of the contained absenteeism of Father Hoar, of the Bay State, and that brilliant social son of Maine and Spain and Blaine, the illustrious Hale. We know what Hale is doing; better call up Madrid on that. Father Hoar is busy to the spectacles convincing mankind that while England gave it up, and America agreed to it, and Hayard brought it over, it was really and truly he (Hoar) who obtained that priceless scrap called the Mayflower leg.

Of course, we all sympathize with the harmless vanity of good old papa Hoar, and we're perfectly willing he should have the honor of the Mayflower leg, but we're having him money to be his and shed his lightning intellect on tariff. And we can't help but reflect from a recent past that if Spain's brutish interests were at bay to-day, if some humanitarian were calling in question Spain's ignorance and cowardly right to torture, fire, and slay Cuban men and women, both the senator Hoar and the groomed and perfumed Hale would be here in Spanish palliation and defiance.

Speaking of absent friends, Gorman, too, was gone. If Gorman will come to the Senate a Democratic providence will find him plenty to do. The same may be said of Mills. The Lone Star man, however, has reasons for being away. Mills will return anon. When he gets here tariff will likely take on a more furious tack. Mills is a warrior; all he sometimes fights not wisely, but too well.

There were three ven and ray roll-calls for Mr. McNary, a Democrat from Louisiana, whose plaid politics let him vote yesterday with the Black party, came back to camp and stood with the Democrats to-day. K'le, the preacher Populist whom Hanna now leads by a ring in the nose, was Republican whenever Hanna ranked the royl.

Speaking of Hanna, our carmine visaged friend was thoughtfully quiet to-day. For aker sits near at hand, and the sight of Fordaker makes your uncle Hanna sad. Poor Hanna, our Buckeye Lochiel will find his Colodien next Autumn, and the shadow of that dark eve to come falls all athwart your uncle Hanna and fills him with sorrow.

Hanna made McKimlin, and now it has become a case of "physician heal thyself," and Hanna can't do it. Your uncle Hanna can't make himself Senator again. He is graving a life in trying.

Debate rocked on to-day, but Hanna sat listless. Vest at one crisis made the eccle scream, waxed patriotic, and even paid a much-needed tribute to Niagara Falls—something that cataract has long wanted for—but nothing roused Hanna from his cloudy meditation full of the forebode of evil. His look disclosed him to be an unhappy Senator and of little hope. No; no toothpick cheered the Hanna face to-day. However, Hanna had not pastured on pie. This was your uncle Hanna's sorry day, and it is needless, what Cabot Lodge, who likes long Back Bay words, would call "a work of supererogation," to set a toothpick on the trail of soup. There's no toothpick who, with soup as an assignment, could do anything.

Well, let us close a dull day; a day of potash with short, unwarranted flights into drugs, sugar, and tin plate. The Democrats declare that they will not obstruct too gay to take a sober view of a serious thing like tariff were barking at a knot. There was a deal of idle clover this afternoon and two foot roll calls. These old gentlemen must do better, swifter than this, or our lack of lantern of tariff will never be overtaken.

Sumner's Giant Trees Pictured. Perrin H. Sumner's trial was resumed before Recorder Goff yesterday. Sumner is accused by Charles H. Goodwin, of Haverhill, Mass., with obtaining money from him by false representations through a hand, A. E. W. S. Sisson, a Sussex (N. J.) woodman, testified that the land was worth the price paid for it. Three hundred of the 800 acres in dispute were "virgin timber," by declared, and in proof photographs showing giants of the forest were placed in evidence. The case is unfinished.

Half rates to Niagara Falls for Decoration Day by the New York Central, along the Hudson River and through the Mohawk Valley.—Advt.

## THE GREAT WHITE FILIBUSTER AND A CLASS OF LEGISLATIVE KINDERGARTNERS LISTEN TO THE SENATORS TALK ON TARIFF.

NINE KILLED IN A WRECK.

Runaway Freight Crashes Into a Passenger Train at American Falls, Idaho. Eight Men Badly Hurt.

Pocatello, Idaho, May 27.—A collision between a freight and a passenger train at American Falls, twenty-five miles west of here, at 4:30 o'clock this morning, caused the death of nine men and the serious injury of eight others. Two of the latter will die.

The west-bound passenger train was waiting at the American Falls station for the freight. The latter, coming east, ran away on the hill west of the Falls, and when going at the rate of fifty miles an hour crashed into the passenger train. Two men were on the station platform, and one was killed and the other fatally injured, while the station building was shattered. Both engines were converted into scrap iron, and twenty freight cars were piled up in a heap.

The dead are: C. W. Shields, about thirty-five, residence unknown; D. L. Thompson, Dayton, Wash.; John R. Cooper, Wells, Utah; J. Steffen, Dillon, Mont., and five unknown men, all sheep-shearers, beating their way.

George Moore, the engineer of the freight, was seriously injured. The fireman, Dick Cosgrove, had a leg broken, and C. E.

Heckman, engineer of the passenger, sustained slight injuries. He stayed by his engine until he had reversed it.

PROTESTS BY GREECE.

Objects to Paying an Indemnity and Does Not Want the Frontier Changed.

Athens, May 27.—The Greek Government has sent a memorandum to the powers, protesting against the indemnity demanded by Turkey, and also protesting against the proposed rectification of the Greek frontier.

AN INTERNATIONAL TREMBLOR.

Shook Up Burlington at 10:13 and Montreal Two Minutes Later.

Burlington, Vt., May 27.—The most pronounced shock of earthquake that has visited this city for several years was felt here about 10:13 this evening, the shock lasting about fifteen seconds. Buildings were swayed enough to awaken people and rattle bottles on the shelves. Montreal, Que., May 27.—An earthquake shock was felt here at 10:15 to-night. It lasted five seconds and was violent enough to send many people rushing into the street, shake windows and knock down dishes.

## O'NEILL'S.

Our Greatest Sale OF Men's Bicycle and Golf Suits.

THIS MORNING

We begin the Greatest Sale of

Men's Bicycle and Golf Suits

we have ever held.

TWO BIG STOCKS

from prominent manufacturers, comprising the finest of this season's materials and styles, go on sale at

THESE EXTRAORDINARY PRICES:

Golf Suits Bicycle Suits

Made of the finest materials, including Plaids, Checks and Overplaids, with fine tan cuff on Pants,

4.98; worth 9.00.

3.98.

ALSO ANOTHER SPECIAL PURCHASE OF MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS

of all-wave chevrot, in the prevailing styles, at the extraordinary price of

4.75 EACH.

SIXTH AVE., 20th to 21st.

EVERYTHING WORTH KNOWING ABOUT SUMMER RESORTS AT THE JOURNAL RESORT INFORMATION BUREAU. MAIN OFFICE 162 NASSAU ST. HOTEL CIRCULARS AND BOOKLETS, RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT TIME TABLES ALL FREE. GET POSTED WHERE TO SPEND VACATION DAYS THIS SUMMER.

### NEW ADDITION TO ST. VINCENT'S

A \$300,000 Building Will Be Added to the Present Hospital.

Within a few weeks work will commence on a \$300,000 addition to St. Vincent's Hospital. The new structure will stand on the original site of the old hospital building, on West Eleventh street. The plans will be filed with the Building Department in a few days. The building will be six stories, on the top of which will be a roof garden for convalescents. It will accommodate 250 patients and will be equipped with every modern hospital appliance. Toward the erection of this building the family of the late Eugene Kelly has contributed \$50,000.

### WANAMAKERS

ON DIT

They say that the Store is bedight with bargains beautiful. And what they say is true. Read this and you'll know part of the story. Read our news this evening and know more. Come and see—then you'll know all, if you stay long enough and study the goods and their prices.

Of all Dress Goods Paris Novelties are most interesting, especially when the spice of GOODS cheapness flavors the greatest elegance. 125 styles, only a costume pattern each, go down thus:

Were \$1.75 to \$5.75. Are \$1 to \$2.75.

Among others, these:

Novelty Tinsel Grenadine, \$1, from \$1.75. Lace plaid Etamine, \$1.50, from \$2.50. Novelty stripe Grenadine, \$1.50, from \$3. Silk check Grenadine, \$1.75, from \$3. Lace plaid Grenadine, \$1.75, from \$3.25. Silk figured Grenadine, \$1.85, from \$3.75. Silk stripe Grenadine, \$2, from \$3.50. Persian Grenadine Velour, \$2, from \$4. Lace plaid Grenadine, \$2, from \$3.50. Persian figured Grenadine, \$2, from \$4.50. Silk plaid Grenadine, \$2, from \$3.25. Novelty Moire Grenadine, \$2.50, from \$3.50. Embroidered Linen Gauze, \$2.50, from \$5. Embroidered Linen Gauze, \$2.50, from \$5.75.

SCOTCH From Glasgow, 27

LAPPETS best makers. Price 25c,

but down they go in a single slide to

FIFTEEN CENTS.

Who'll get them first? They that

come first.

Interest waxes,

COTTON AND LINEN and waxes,

DRESS GOODS. Your thought

risers as the prices fall, and our interest

declines with our losses. Bonnie

goods and cannie—for beautiful

dresses and cheap. D'ye ken?

Printed Grenadines, sixteen stripes, 8c for

12½ quality.

Printed Lawns, lace stripes, 8c; were 12½c.

Printed lace stripe Organdies, 12½c; that

25c quality.

Printed Dimities, 12½c; usually 20c.

Printed Batistes, 12½c; regular 18c.

Lace stripe Linens, 12½c; regular 25c.

Fancy stripe Linen Batistes, 18c; reduced

from 25c.

Fancy silk stripe Linen Batistes, 25c; re-

duced from 37½c.

Fancy silk stripe Linen Batistes, 35c; re-

duced from 45c.

Fancy silk plaid Linen Batistes, 25c; re-

duced from 37½c.

Fancy colored Linen Batistes, 25c; re-

duced from 37½c.

If you do not know Prin-

cessa we'd like to present you,

Comely stuff for Summer,

GOODS Silk-and-wool. Maker is

proud of the stuffs, but ashamed of

the prices, and so we mustn't print

his name.

\$1.25 quality, now 75c

\$1.50 quality, now \$1

\$1.75 quality, now \$1.25

Fourth Avenue.

Has not the usual flattery

RIBBON that follows most of our

CARNIVAL trade movements—imita-

tion. And all because the movement

is matchless in quantity, variety, prices.

Quantities. Leagues in length.

Prices—all the city knows their

cheapness.

Added to-day and for sale at

10 o'clock A. M.

300 pieces, 25 colorings, very ele-

gant, chignon edge Ribbons. The

value is easily 35c, but the price is

EIGHTEEN CENTS.

The crowning glory of the Carnival,

Broadway, Tenth Street.

Also at

WOMEN'S 10 o'clock A. M.

SUEDE 7,500 pairs Suede

GLOVES. Gloves. They are from

Terray Chaix & Co., Grenoble,

France. Every Glove man knows

that means quality.

Four-button Gloves.

Eight-button length Mousquetaire.

Colors right—tan, pearl, white.

All embroidered backs.

FIFTY CENTS A PAIR.

The regular retail value is \$1. Too

many were shipped to this market—

bad for makers, good for you.

North of the Rotunda.

WOMEN'S HOSIERY White ribbed

AND UNDERWEAR cotton Vests,

light elastic,

lace insertion at neck. They go

THREE FOR 50c;

Were 25c each.

Stockings, black, stainless lisle thread,

Richelieu ribbed all round, high spliced

heels, 25c.

Stockings, fine cotton, black, stainless

double soles, high spliced heels, 3 pairs

for 50c.

All three are bargains.

Broadway and Ninth Street.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co

Broadway, 4th ave, 9th and 10



"I MET HANNA AGAIN AND HE SAID HE WAS GLAD."—DAVENPORT.